

The Labouring Lover's

19

G A R L A N D

Containing several Excellent

NEW SONGS.

- I. The Labouring Lover.
- II. The Answer to the Labouring Lover; or
the Swains Happiness.
- III. The old Woman cloathed in Gray.
- IV. The Loss of the Victory Man of War.



Licensed and enter'd according to Orders.

 The Labouring Lover's GARLAND, &c.

The Labouring Lover.

I'LL range and rove the shady Bowers,
 And gather all the sweetest Flowers:
 I'll strip the Garden and the Grove,
 To make a Garland for my Love.

It was in the sultry Heat of Day,
 My thirsty Nymph she paining lay:
 I'll hasten to the River's Brink,
 And drain the Floods that she may drink.

At Night to rest her weary Head,
 I'll make my Love a Violet Bed;
 And with green Boughs I'll form a Shade,
 That nothing may her Rest invade.

And whilst dissolv'd in Sleep she lies,
 My Lids shall never close my Eyes:
 But gazing still with fond Delight,
 I'll watch my Charmer all the Night.

And then as soon as the chearful Day,
 Disperses the darksome Shades away;
 Then to the Forest I'll repair,
 To seek Provision for my Dear.

Thus will I spend the Day and Night,
 Still mixing Labour with delight,
 Regarding not what I endure,
 So I can Ease for her procure.

But if this Nymph whom thus I love,
 Should either false or faithless prove;

I'll seek some distant dismal Shore,
And never think on Woman more.

The Answer to the Labouring Lover.

THE Swain then rang'd all around the Grove,
And long lamented for his Love;
Fair *Celia* chanc'd to overhear
The Lamentations of her Dear.

When *Cupid* had the Conquest won,
Unto her captive Slave she run,
And said, Arise sweet gentle Swain,
I'm come to ease thee of thy Pain.

Love, I have heard thy sad Complaint,
And how you call'd me charming Saint;
Then, dearest Jewel, weep no more,
For now I will thy joys restore.

The Day in Pleasure shall be spent,
The night shall crown us with content:
We'll bathe in Raptures of Love's Charms,
Dissolving in each other's Arms.

And when the bright Day appears again,
We'll hasten to the lovely Plain,
To feed the Flock, and then we'll play;
Crave what you will, I'll ne'er say you Nay.

You have an Instrument most neat,
And on it you can play most sweet;
The Tune I like, you know full well,
Which does all other Tunes excel.

Thus will we spend the Day and Night,
In Love's sweet Pleasure and Delight.
Thy constant *Celia* I'll remain,
And thou shalt be my faithful Swain.

The

The old Woman cloathed in Gray.

AN old Woman cloathed in Gray,
 Had a daughter both charming and young;
 But she was deluded astray,
 By Roger's false flattering Tongue.

With whom she often had been,
 abroad in the Meadows and Fields;
 Her Belly grew up to her Chin,
 Her Spirits sunk down to her Heels,

At length she began for to puke,
 Her Mother possess'd with a Fear;
 She gave her a gentle Rebuke,
 And cry'd daughter a Word in your Ear.

I doubt you've been playing the Fool,
 Which many call hey Ding a Ding;
 Why did you not follow my Rule,
 And tie your two Toes in a String

O Mother your Counsel I took,
 But yet I was never the near;
 He won my Heart with a soft Look,
 And his Words so enchanted my Ear,

That your Precepts I soon did forget,
 He on and he would have a Scope;
 It is but a Folly to fret,
 It's done and it cannot be help'd.

Then who is the Father of it,
 Come tell me without more Delay?
 For now I am just in the Fit,
 To go to hear what he will say.

It is Roger, the Damsel reply'd,
 He call'd me his dear pretty Bird
 And said that I should be his Bride;
 But he was not so good as his Word.

What! *Roger* that lives at the Mill?

Yes, verily Mother the same;

What! *Roger* that lives at the Mill?

I'll hop to him though I be lame.

Go fetch me my Crutches with Speed,
And bring me my Spectacles too;
A Lecture to him I will read,
Shall ring his Ears quite through and through.

With that she went hopping away,
And went to young *Hodge* of the Mill,
On whom she her Crutches did lay,
And cry'd you have run'd my Girl.

By getting her dear Maiden-head,
It's true you can no way deny,
Therefore I advise you to wed,
And make her as honest as I,

Then what will you give me, quoth *Hodge*,
If I take her from off your Hand?
Will you make me the Heir of your Lodge,
Your Houses, your Money and Land.

With every Barn and Plow,
With all your Cattle and Ewes;
It's said I will make her my Spouse,
Speak up are you willing or no.

Then *Goody* took *Hodge* by the Hand,
Let it be for to have and to hold,
I will make you the Heir of my Lodge,
My Houses, my Silver and Gold.

Make her your honoured Wife,
And you shall be Lord of my Store;
When e'er I surrender my Life,
In case it was fifty times more.

The Bargain was presently struck,
 They wedded, and this being done,
 The old Woman wished them good Luck,
 Being proud of a Daughter and Son.

Then he for a Girl or a Boy
 Young *Peg* look'd as big as a Dutcheß,
 The old Woman caper'd for Joy,
 And danc'd them a Jigg on her Crutches.



The Loss of the Victory Man of War.

GOOD People all pray give Attention,
 To this fatal Tragedy,
 Which I am bound to mention,
 Of the gallant *Victory*;
 Fourteen hundred Souls did perish,
 And are to the Bottom gone,
 Oh! the dismal Grief and Horror,
 Of their Widows left alone.

When we first from *Spithead* sailed,
 Convoy unto *Lisbon* bound,
 They with good Punch and Flip regaled,
 A brave new Ship both right and sound:
 A hundred and ten Guns she mounted,
 All of Brass so smart and clean,
 The best Ship in the Navy counted,
 But alas! no more is seen.

But the Voyage proved fatal,
 As by the Sequel we shall find;

For as she was Home returning,
 She was off *Scilly* left behind,
 In a dreadful Storm of Light'ning,
 And of Hail and Thunder too;
 And has never since been heard of,
 The Fatherless have Cause to rue.

From *Alderney* we've Information
 That they heard that stormy Night,
 At least ninety Guns to fire,
 Which did them something fright;
 But as the more the Storm increased,
 It gave them more Room to guess,
 That some Ship upon the Ocean,
 Was in sad and deep Distress.

We saw floating some Days after,
 Some spare Yards were drove on Shore;
 On which was the Name Victory,
 This gave us Suspicion more:
 That this noble Ship was stranded
 On the *Gaskets*, was our Fear,
 Long we waited with Impatience,
 But no News of them could hear.

The brave gallant Admiral *Balben*,
 With fourteen hundred Men beside,
 If she's lost went to the Bottom,
 And all at once together died;
 Oh! the dismal Grief and Horror,
 If one had deen there to see,
 How they all were struck with Horror,
 When sunk down the Victory.

Oh!

Oh! the sad and dismal Story,
 I'm griev'd when I the same relate,
 So many blasted in their Glory,
 And at once shared the same Fate;
 Some thinking on their Wives and Children;
 And some on their Parents dear;
 Sunk to the Bottom in a Moment,
 And no Time to say a prayer.

O Victory thou wast unlucky,
 But once before was out at Sea,
 In the night run foul of the Lion,
 And her Carve-work took away,
 Now thou art gone to the Bottom,
 With a jovial Company,
 An Admiral, Marines, and Sailors,
 Most unhappy Victory.

Oh! the Grief of mournful Widows,
 And their Children fatherless,
 And the Grief of tender Parents,
 Is more then what I can express;
 Some lamenting for their Sweethearts,
 Overwhelmed with Grief we see;
 Each one laments his dear Relation,
 Oh! the fatal Victory.

Children crying for their Fathers,
 Widows weeping in Distress;
 God will surely be their Comfort,
 And protect the Fatherless;
 He'll be a Husband to the Widow
 That loves honest Industry,
 And does his protection
 Farewell fatal Victory.